

The Mirror

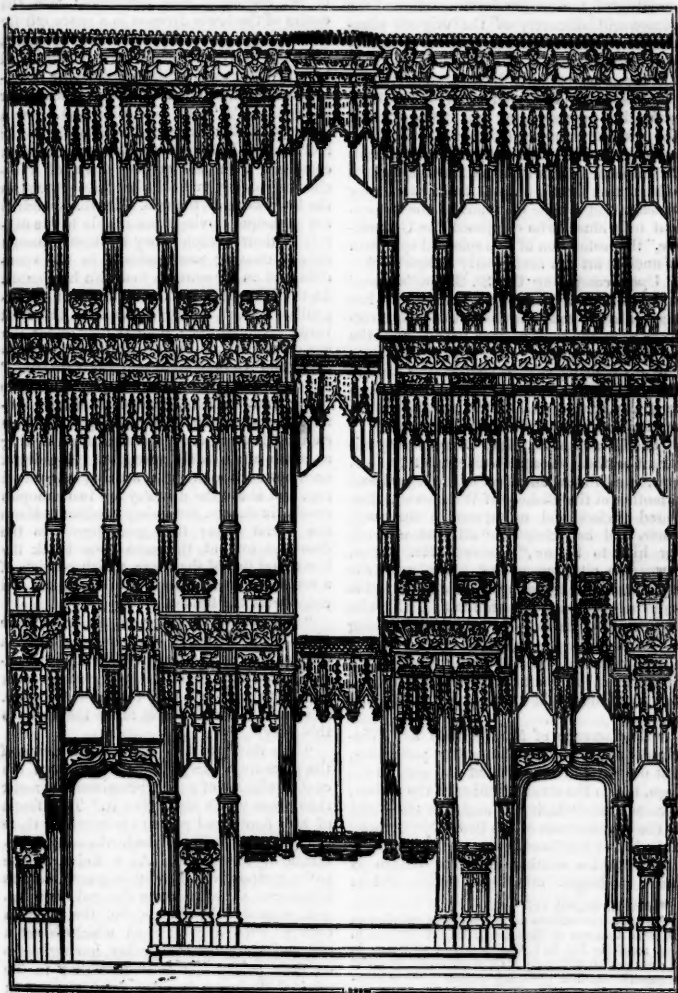
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THE ALTAR-SCREEN,
AT ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

VOL. XXIII.

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THE ALTAR-SCREEN, (*Restored*), AT ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTH-WARK.

In describing the magnificent church of St. Mary Overy, about eight months since,* we referred to the removal of the oak and plaster covering of the interior eastern wall, and the consequent discovery of the original altar-screen. In its uncasing, a series of niches was first discovered, the canopies of which had been unsparingly hacked, almost to a plane surface; but even in this mutilated state, they possessed so much beauty, that the restoration of the entire composition became immediately an object of great interest. At the same time, we noticed the raising of a subscription for this purpose, and we are happy to learn that by the exertions of the "excellent individuals who composed the Committee," the restoration of this splendid specimen of ancient art has been nearly completed.†

Upon comparing the St. Saviour's screen with that of Winchester Cathedral, it has been inferred that the designs of both structures were the work of one pencil, and the gifts of Bishop Fox. Mr. Carlos observes: "it was probably erected shortly after he had bestowed on his own cathedral (at Winchester,) the screen which still remains there, resplendent in its architectural beauties."

The Church of St. Mary Overy, closely adjacent to the episcopal residence of the see, was, at all times, an object of the regard and attention of the Bishops of Winchester. Fox found perfect and unimprovable the nave, choir, and lady-chapel: "all that was left for him to bestow," observes Mr. Carlos, "was the altar-screen, and he embraced the opportunity of becoming a benefactor to the church by a similar donation to that which he had made to his cathedral;" while, in doing so, he stamped the valuable legacy with his peculiar device, (the Pelican feeding her young ones), to point out to posterity its history and founder, in a modest but appropriate manner.

"The screens of St. Saviour's and Winchester agree in several important particulars, not only in the arrangement and general design, but in the actual number of the niches; a coincidence which can alone be attributed to the circumstance of the two subjects being the work of one hand."

Mr. Carlos continues: "the design is made in height into three stories, and in

breadth it is again divided into the same number of portions, thus preserving in all its parts an allusion to the sacred number *Three*." Mr. Carlos then notices in the Winchester screen, certain points of difference, which do not interrupt its general resemblance to that of St. Saviour's, and continues: "in the centre of the lower division is a space left for the altar-table, about which was a blank, occupied at Winchester by a painting, and here by three niches, (designed by the restoring architect,) and intended apparently for inscriptions." "The side divisions show a doorway, with a depressed ogee arch, in the last stage of declension, and which when compared with the pointed arch of Winchester, plainly evinces that the present is the later work of the two. In the spandrels are grotesque carvings, unsuitable to the dignity of their station; they represent human figures chasing some animal, in the spandrels, and on the centre a fool with his bauble. In the Winchester example no such incongruities appear, owing perhaps to the work being executed more immediately under the eye of the Bishop, the correspondent subjects being the Annunciation and the Visitation."

"On each side of the doorway is a niche rising from the floor, flanked by slender buttresses, and covered with a triangular canopy composed of two canopied arches, presenting an acute angle to the spectator. A pedestal occupies each niche with a richly sculptured cap, and above the doorway are two canopies similar in design, but rising in altitude above the lateral ones; they give dignity to the doorways, and at the same time break the horizontal line of the frieze, which consists of a series of angels in the act of adoration, and constitutes the finish."

"The second story is composed of a large niche in the centre, being covered with a canopy of a semi-hexagonal form; it is accompanied with five uniform niches on each side, with pedestals and canopies as before. A second frieze of angels forms the finish to this story."

"The third and last story is nearly a copy of the preceding, except that the canopy of the central niche is of a more prominent character than those which are below it. The fascia of holy lambs and pelicans succeeds to these canopies, and here terminate the original remains of the screen. As a finish to the entire composition, the restoring architect has introduced an entablature charged with angels, separated by shields, and the whole is crowned with a cornice, on which is set a series of reversed trefoil arches, having leaves on their points. It is evident that in the original design, a broader entablature than the fascia must have existed, from the circumstance of the central canopy rising above the line, which, in consequence of its break-

† We presume, "above."—Ed. M.

* See Mirror, vol. xxii. p. 33.

† It likewise affords us considerable satisfaction to learn that one of the most active contributors to this result is Mr. E. I. Carlos, whose exertions in the restoration of Crosby Hall, received our warmest commendation in a preceding volume. We remember Mr. Carlos as a casual acquaintance of our boyhood, and are happy to meet him so frequently as a valuable contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Indeed, to his judicious pen, in the *Gent. Mag.* Feb. 1834, are we indebted for the details accompanying the annexed Engraving, also from that Journal.

ing against the sill of the window, would have produced an awkward effect. In all the niches of this screen it is observable that the back lining is ornamented with perpendicular lines on that part alone which was not covered by the statues; in consequence, the empty niches have an unfinished appearance.

"The occupation of these niches by sacred and appropriate statues in the present day, is more than the most sanguine antiquary can venture to anticipate; but he may be allowed to look with the mind's eye to that period when, in all the magnificence of the fifteenth century, sculpture and painting lent their aid to complete and embellish this sumptuous display of architecture. Upon the altar and under the central canopy, in the first range, stood the crucifix; the large niche above was appropriated to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the Church; and the corresponding niche, in the upper range, we may as confidently assign to the representation of the sacred Trinity; the minor niches might be occupied by the sainted bishops of the see. Above the whole, the design was carried on in the painted glass of the east window, inclosed as it were in a richly sculptured frame; in this perfect state, what a magnificent scene was displayed in the choir."

The doorways and altar-table, which are omitted in the engraving, are not yet restored; the funds subscribed not being sufficient for that purpose. Indeed, the cost of the restoration has already exceeded the sum subscribed; but "the Committee rely on the liberality, not alone of the parish, but of the public at large, to supply the deficient amount." The whole has been ably superintended by Mr. R. Wallace, the architect of the transept repairs in 1829 and 1830: "the contract was for 700*l.*, and it is due to the contractor, Mr. Firth, to add that he has sedulously performed his part in the undertaking."

Mr. Carlos thus nicely details the restoration: "The ancient materials of the screen are Caen and Fire stone. The restoration has been effected in stone from Painswick in Gloucestershire, which in tint and grain harmonizes very well with the former material, which has been retained wherever it was practicable to do so. Such portions as are new, and which of course include nearly the whole of the ornamental detail, were scrupulously worked from moulds made from the original remains, and replaced in the same situations which were occupied by the originals. The fine arts are indebted to all the parties concerned for the preservation of a splendid specimen of a very rare class of ancient works, the value of which will be the more highly appreciated by those who are conversant with the detail and arrangement of our ancient Churches; by such, the screen-work of Pointed architecture has always been

held to be one of its most beautiful features." Mr. Wallace, in his original design, proposed to fill the window over the screen with painted glass, after a design by Mr. Willement; and such would indeed be a magnificent completion of the eastern end of this noble church. Meanwhile, the nave still remains unroofed. We recommend the people of Southwark to memorialize the King, or petition the Legislature; to state the immense sum the parishioners have already expended on this stupendous pile, and to implore their aid in completing its restoration. The neglect of so proud a monument of the best ages of English architecture would be indeed impatriotic.

The Sketch Book.

BREMEBA, THE KHARADJIN: A TALE OF THE
ABORIGINES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

By G. J. Macdonald.

To a casual and uninterested observer, the character of the aborigines of New Holland may probably develop but few features of interest or variety. Their generally unprepossessing appearance—their indolent and lethargic habits—their cunning, and frequent duplicity—combined with the craving and avaricious perseverance of disposition they display in their intercourse with the "pale men" of the towns and settlements, may very naturally be allowed to account for the prejudicial opinion that has generally been gaining ground against them. But this is but gazing on the dark side of the picture; and, paradoxical as it may appear, we have no hesitation in affirming that their intercourse with a civilized community has produced the same debasing influence on the mind and character of the savage of this country, which slavery is well known to generate in that of the European.

In their natural and unvisited state, the natives are a simple, superstitious, reserved, active, and faithful race of people; the very reverse, indeed, of the miserable, squalid, and half-garmented beings, we are in the habit of seeing wandering, intoxicated and squabbling, through the streets of Sydney, or frequenting the farms and settlements of the more densely-populated districts;—but it must at the same time be allowed that they are (like the savages of all other countries) occasionally actuated by strong passions; and, when personally injured or insulted, stirred by that deep spirit of revenge, which may be smothered for a time, but is never entirely forgotten. Of the truth of this, the following incidents will afford a striking, but not solitary exemplification.

Among the natives who occasionally visited the district of country in which the scene of our narrative is placed, was a man named

Bremeba, remarkable both for the striking peculiarity of his individual character, and for the extensive and powerful influence he exercised over his own and neighbouring tribes. In person he was rather below the middle stature, of slight but symmetrical proportions, with the high, narrow, retreating forehead common to many of the race; and an eye, large, dark, widely opened, and remarkably prominent, upon whose clear and glassy surface seemed shadowed forth the reflex of the dark passions that slumbered within. In manner, he was reserved, taciturn, and morose—characteristics that may, however, have been in some measure assumed, as the appropriate symbols and concomitants of the rank of "Kharadjie," or seer, with which he was invested; but, whether affected or not, they undoubtedly had the effect of keeping constantly in the mind of his associates the reputation of those supernatural powers with which he was supposed to be endowed, as well as of that superior knowledge of the mysterious rites and ceremonies practised at their great annual festivals, and that closer personal approximation and agency with "Bappo,"* and the other good and evil spirits whom they so superstitiously adore.

Bremeba had been in the habit of frequenting the government agricultural station, and it was there that he became first acquainted with an overseer named Vane, for whom he was accustomed to procure birds, &c. This man had, however, made himself obnoxious to the natives, by his activity in checking their annual plundering expeditions to the maize fields. On one occasion he came suddenly on a party, who were retreating with their nets filled with cobs of the young green corn (of which, when roasted, they are extremely fond), and, irritated at the open boldness of their demeanour, he fired on them; but, as the piece was merely loaded with small shot, they coolly received the charge on their long, oblong shields, tauntingly exclaiming at the same time, "Marrook ninda kimbi—marrook ninda—tatti-warrila attri ninda." "Well done you, my friend—well done you—a capital hand at a miss are you." Vane retired, muttering that he would not miss on the morrow; and he kept his word, for on the following day he returned, and shot a man belonging to Bremeba's tribe.

On an after occasion, Vane passed a trifling personal affront on Bremeba himself, which he then but little thought would have been treasured up with such an undying spirit of revenge. The circumstance was simply this:—Bremeba, who had been out shooting for Vane, came one day into his hut while he was at dinner, and, uninvited, took a piece of bread from the table; on seeing which, Vane, who was of a quick and irritable tem-

perament, instantly threw the black violently on the floor.

Bremeba took no notice of the insult at the moment, and on leaving the hut merely turned his head and said, in his accustomed calm and passionless tone of voice—"Never mind, never mind—by and by, by and by." But the flame of revenge was kindled in his bosom, and the fire of suppressed passion flashed from his large, dark eyes, as he returned, moody and alone, to his camp; and although a long period elapsed, and he met Vane frequently afterwards as if nothing had ever occurred to foster ill-will between them, the savage only "bided his time," and the revenge that had apparently passed away from his intention was still cherished in his heart like a secret and sacred love, and his remorseless purpose finally and too fatally accomplished.

It was nearly three years after the occurrence of the incident above related, that a new commandant came to take charge of the settlement, and Vane waited on him, and proffered his services to procure the rare rifle-man, and other select specimens of the ornithology of the surrounding districts. As he was known to be a good bushman, and well acquainted with the habits of the aborigines, his services were accepted, and he was immediately despatched with ammunition and provisions for a fortnight. On leaving the settlement, Vane made away at once for the mountains, well knowing that it was in the long recesses of their thick and trackless scrubs that the call of the "khagghak," or rifleman, would be most likely heard.

Reader! you may not have been fortunate enough to come across that beautiful bird, and we will therefore describe it to you; for often have we, when wandering through the deep mountain gulleys and ravines, in those still, transparent, windless days of spring, when every low plant, and forest flower, and green leaf, seems to quiver in the light air with the quick instinct of reviving life, been arrested in our progress by its long, sustained, hissing note, coming from the tall turpentine trees on which it loves to peck the bright-winged insects that cluster around its bark and branches, and from which also the dark native mountaineer states it is frequently darted at by the lidless-eyed diamond snake, its most formidable foe. Ah! it is a superb specimen of nature's most exquisite workmanship—with a form of faultless symmetry, deep purple plumage, a long curved and pointed beak, a bright black eye, and head, throat, and tail, covered with rich silver spangles, that glitter in the sun-light like polished chain-plate armour. But we digress. On the afternoon of the second day, Vane heard a distant "cooi" or "comba" (call), which his practised ear at once recognised as proceeding from a native; and being

* The deity supposed to preside at the celebration of the "Kebarrah."

anxious to fall in with a tribe, he at once answered it, and was shortly after joined by a young lad named Billy, who had frequently resided with him at the station. From him he heard that a strong party were encamped in the neighbourhood, and that Bremeba, with one or two of his friends, was with them. Unalarmed at this intelligence, Vane immediately proceeded to the camp with the boy, distributed a portion of his provisions among them, and remained with them during the night. On the following morning, Bremeba proposed that he should proceed with them to a remote station, where they intended to hunt for a few days, and where, also, he said there were plenty of rifle birds. The proposal was gladly acceded to; and, after a long day's journey, the party entered, towards evening, the gorge of a steep and precipitous pass, that descended into one of those steep and narrow ravines so common in that district of country; and so unsuspecting was the infatuated man of the fate that awaited him, that he sent the boy Billy forward with the gun in quest of game. At length the foremost of the party arrived at a sheltered spot, close by a rocky water-brook, where they intended to encamp. On each side of the gulley in which it was situated, immense barriers of perpendicular rock shot up to a great height, like the walls of a "fortress formed by nature for her own defence," and which, from the narrowness of the space they inclosed, cast an opaque and sombre gloom on the surrounding objects. At one extremity the gulley opened towards the west, where the eye might wander over a vast extent of level country, covered with one dense and trackless forest, until terminated by the long line of blue, peakless mountains that skirted the horizon: at the other extremity was the steep winding pass down which the remainder of the scattered tribe were seen descending. As they emerged from point to point—from behind the immense masses of rock that every now and then intercepted their progress—the men, with their dark, swarthy visages, peaked head-dress, and ungarmented limbs, bearing the shield and red wooden battle-axe over their left shoulder—the curved "barracoo," or boommerring, in their girdle, and a bundle of long timber spears in their right hand;—the women, with their long, black, curly hair, clothed in the "goro," or cloak of kangaroo skin; with a large, well-filled net hanging from behind; and the young boys chasing, and throwing short grass-spears at each other in mimic fight—completed a picture at once wild, savage, and picturesque.

The day, which had hitherto been tranquil and serene, appeared to be undergoing a change that betokened the approach of one of those sudden sunset thunder-storms that so frequently occur in warm climates. The wind awoke to the westward, and was heard

rustling over the tops of the tall forest trees in sudden and fitful gusts, then rushing with a wailing sound up through the deep gulleys; and the disk of the dilated sun, hitherto declining unshrouded in its course, was now seen flaring through the black and waving branches of the gloomy pines, encompassed by a belt of bright and fiery clouds that gradually spread in massy and fantastic forms athwart the long line of the distant horizon; while an abrupt and rapid peal of thunder was heard at intervals echoing over the far forest. At this period the tribe had all arrived: the gins were employed, in scattered groups, gathering dry and decayed wood, or kindling their evening fires; the men were hastily stripping bark, and cutting props for their huts, before the storm came on; while Vane was seated on the trunk of a large tree that had fallen to the ground, between Bremeba and another black named Eereina, quietly surveying the preparations that were going forward. As Bremeba gazed on the averted countenance of his victim, his eyes, usually quiescent in their expression, though full of mysterious meaning, flashed with strange brilliancy as he muttered to himself, "Bakkooi nan-nomba ninda—bakkooi nan-nomba ninda." "You are my prey—you are my prey;" and then suddenly starting on his feet, and flourishing his huge-knobbed conterra, or waddie, he struck Vane a violent blow on the back of the head, which was instantly repeated by his companion, until the unfortunate man, uttering a deep groan, and with the blood gushing from his ears, mouth, and nostrils, fell lifeless at their feet. The work of revenge was scarcely accomplished, when a boommerring came whirling over the heads of the murderers, which instantly induced them to take to their shields and spears, and three of the party from the camp advanced upon them at a quick pace. There was an immediate exchange of spears, which were parried off on both sides with that wonderful ease and agility that appear so extraordinary to a stranger. The challengers then inquired the cause of their killing the white man, and were answered by Bremeba that he had formerly shot one of his tribe, and had afterwards struck him at the station. The reply was deemed satisfactory, and the combatants retired.

The body was then stripped, and thrown like a worthless thing on one side; and at intervals, during the night, the women kept up that wild and melancholy death-song, which, when heard in the stillness and solitude of their forest recesses, strikes with such a strange and thrilling effect on the unaccustomed ear of the European; and in the grey dawn of the following morning, the croak of the carrion-crow, the howl of the wild dog, and the scream of the black mountain eagle-hawk, were heard commingled, as

they battled and banquetted over the mangled remains of the victim of a savage and remorseless revenge.—*New South Wales Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS is the eleventh exhibition of the Institution, and reports its progress, as a wag would say, in favourable colours. It comprises 813 paintings and drawings, and 56 works in the Sculpture Room. Among the pictures, as may be expected, portraits predominate, and in height and breadth of canvass and glittering frame, are in proportion to other works, nearly as a square foot to a square inch. Yet, there are novelties among the portraits that, to some extent, redeem the sin of their number; for such a shoal of satin robes, velvet waistcoats, and *degagé* neckcloths has seldom been seen even on these walls. The "scenes" and "sketches," though, for the most part, small, are numerous: Calais is an especial favourite with the painters of this class: thus, we have, No. 15. Calais; 19. Coast of Calais; 57. Coast Scene near Calais; 113. Calais Pier; 188. Entrance to Calais Harbour, from the Sands; 232. Sketch of the Interior of the Church at Calais; 402. the South Pier and Fort Rouge, Calais. But we propose to take a glance through the rooms, and enumerate a few of the most attractive pictures; although, the "private" view on the 22nd ult. was more crowded than the rooms on a public day, and allowed us little more than a glimpse of the best works.

Many of the portraits are of public interest, as those of *Commander James Ross*, by J. R. Wildman; and of *Captain John Ross*, by H. Hawkins; yet, we must add, that such interest of these two specimens is not materially aided by the merit of the artists.

8. *Caius Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage.* W. Linton.

"The city of the sea, ere Venice was a name:
The mighty heart that battled for the empire of the world.

And all but won, yet perished in the strife!"—*Hervey.*
This picture is an affecting episode of the vanity of ambition: it is beautifully painted, and its warm sunset harmonizes with the melancholy of the fallen empire.

21. *The Spider's Web.* J. A. Casey. Two girls looking with childish wonder at a spider's web: their expression is admirable, and is the chief merit of the picture.

47. *The Mother.* E. Prentis. Three children repeating prayers to their mother.

13 and 49. *Portraits of Mr. C. K. and Mrs. Mainwaring;* ably painted by Mrs. W. Carpenter.

60. *The Duke of Argyll.* A masterly portrait, by J. Lonsdale.

100. *The Lake of Orta, with the Simplon Alps, and Monte Rosa.* W. Linton. A charming cabinet picture of sublime nature.

110. *The Countess of Jersey,—wearing her Coronet.* J. Holmes.

111. *Near Corwen, North Wales.* T. Creswick. A most meritorious production.

120. *Madame Malibran.* F. Y. Hurlstone. This portrait has not the common sin of flattery, but is, to our thinking, an excellent likeness.

142. *Stags alarmed at the distant sight of Hunters.* R. B. Davis.

"The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook,
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky."

Lady of the Lake, canto 1.

These fine lines from the *Lady of the Lake* have furnished the outline of a delightful picture. The heathery waste and glancing start of the stags are ably expressed.

149. *The last arch of Old London Bridge at low water.* G. Danson. A clever picture for an antiquary's museum. By the by, the stone of the centre arch of the bridge was sold and delivered to the purchaser for 1,000*l.*; who sold the same for 1,500*l.*

162. *The Moorish Tower at Seville, called the Giralda,* painted at Seville. D. Roberts. One of the cleverest works in the room, and full of characteristic accuracy.

195. *The Rev. Dr. Lingard.* J. Lonsdale. A portrait of the Catholic historian.

196. *Haidee aroused from her trance by the sound of music.* F. Y. Hurlstone.

"Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not:
Her father watch'd; she turn'd her eyes away.

She recognised no being, and no spot,

However dear or cherish'd in their day.

They chang'd from room to room, but all forgot;

Gentle, but without memory, she lay:

And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaning

Back to old thoughts, seem'd full of fearful meaning.

"At last a slave bethought her of a harp:

The harper came and tun'd his instrument;

At the first notes irregular and sharp,

On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;

Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp

Her thoughts from sorrow though her heart resent;

And he began a long, low, island song

Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong."—*Byron.*

The expression of Haidee is full of touching simplicity, and the watchful anxiety of the other figures is in masterly style. Yet, cold as the subject is, a little more warmth in the colouring would not have been objectionable.

233. *Sale of Farming Stock at the Cape.* H. F. Goblet. This is an extraordinary picture, and will be best described by the quotation in the catalogue:—"Having learned that there was to be a sale of cattle, farm-stock, &c., we halted our wagon for the purpose of procuring a fresh span of oxen. Among the stock of the farm sold was a female slave and her three children; the two eldest children were girls, the youngest a

boy. The whole family were exhibited together on a table, and the farmers examined them as if they had been so many head of cattle. They were sold separately, and to different purchasers. The tears, the anxiety, the anguish of the mother, while she met the gaze of the multitude, eyed the different countenances of the bidders, or cast a heart-rending look upon the children, and the simplicity and sorrow of the children while they clung to their distracted parent, half-concealing their faces, contrasted with the marked insensibility and jocular countenances of the spectators and purchasers, furnished a striking commentary on the miseries of slavery."—*New Monthly Magazine for November, 1826.*

—We can only add that the insulted wretchedness of the slave group is painfully contrasted with the bloated pride and disgusting indifference of the purchasers and spectators.

349. *The Court Martial subsequent to the Bristol riots.* Miss Sharples. A most unpicturesque subject: officers ranged at the board, or a long table, surrounded by persons listless or attentive, as their taste dictated.

422. *Greeks taking coffee in a Kiosk.* E. F. Green. The richness of the costume, and the bright beauty of the clear blue sky through an aperture of nearly one side of the Kiosk, will be much admired in this picture.

The Water-colour Room contains some finished specimens. There are also a few drawings in the Sculpture Room, with about fifty specimens of sculpture, including a fine monumental group to the memory of Mrs. Palmer, for Ham Church; and the colossal *Shield of Æneas*, by W. Pitts.

Contemporary Traveller.

GREEK MONASTERIES.

Who has not heard of *Tempe*,—the "pleasant vale in Thessaly" of schooldom! Throughout this celebrated defile, the river Peneus (or Salympria, in modern geography,) winds in picturesque course; but its most extraordinary scenery is the rocks of Meteora, which rise from the left bank of the river from the comparatively flat surface of the valley—a group of insulated masses, cones, and pillars of rock, of great height, and, for the most part, so perpendicular in their ascent, that each of their numerous fronts seems to the eye as a vast artificial wall. The intervals between these lofty pinnacles are filled with thick foliage, which effectively contrasts with the masses of naked rock impending above; and, on the very summits of these rocky pyramids, in the dusk of evening, it is delightful to trace the outline of several Greek monasteries, as if entirely separated from the reach of the world below. The contemplation of this sublime evening scene upon Dr. Holland, drew from that learned

traveller the following eloquent rebuke of human weakness:—"For the moment, the delusion might have been extended to the moral character of these institutions, and the fancy might have framed to itself a purer form of religion amidst this insulated magnificence of nature, than when contaminated by worldly intercourse and admixture. How completely this is delusion, it requires but a hasty reference to the present and past history of monastic worship, sufficiently to prove. It is the splendour of nature alone, which is seen in the rocks of Meteora; and the light of the sun lingering on their heights, shows only those monuments of mingled vanity and superstition, which have arisen from the devices of selfish policy, or of mistaken religion."

Dr. Holland's description of this interesting scene will be an acceptable accompaniment of the subjoined Cut, though it be in an abridged form.

"The height of these insulated rocks is various. The greater number rise more than 100 feet from the level of the valley of the Salympria; several reach the height of 200 and 300 feet; and another about 500 feet in height.

"The Greek monasteries of Meteora are variously situated, either on the summits of these pinnacles, or in caverns, which nature and art have united to form in parts of the rock that seem inaccessible by the foot of man. Their situation, indeed, is more extraordinary than can be understood from description alone. Four of the monasteries actually occupy the whole summit of the insulated rocks on which they stand; a perpendicular precipice descending from every side of the buildings into the deep wooded hollows which intervene between the heights. The only access to these aerial prisons is by ropes and nets, or by ladders fixed firmly to the rock, in those places where its surface affords any points of suspension; and these ladders, in some instances, connected with artificial tunnels, which give a passage of easier ascent to the buildings above. The monastery called by distinction the Meteora, which is the largest of the number, stands in the remarkable situation just described, and is accessible only in this method. Still more extraordinary is the position of another of these buildings on the left hand of the approach to the former. It is situated on a narrow rectangular pillar of rock, apparently about 120 feet in height, the summit of which is so limited in extent, that the walls of the monastery seem on every side to have the same plane of elevation as the perpendicular faces of the rock.

"The number of monasteries at Meteora is said to have been formerly twenty-four; but at present, owing partly to the wearing away of the rocks on which they stood, and



(The Meteora Monastery.)

partly to the decay of the buildings themselves, only ten of these remain, of which the following are inhabited: Meteora or Meteoron, Aios Stephanos, Barlaam, Aia Triada, Aios Nicholas, Rosaria, and Aia Mone.

"Aios Stephanos, which we visited, is among the most extraordinary of the number: its height is upwards of 180 feet. To arrive at the foot of the pinnacle on which it stands, we proceeded up the recess among the rocks by a steep and rugged path, winding underneath the foliage of the ancient trees which spread their roots among the vast masses detached from the rocks above. The path conducts you through a defile, not more than twenty or thirty yards in width, between two rocks, each probably more than 300 feet in height, the intervening space filled up by trees and vast detached fragments. On the summit of one of these rocks stands the monastery to which it was our intention to ascend.

"Passing through the ravine just mentioned, we wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. A man was seen looking down from above, to whom our Tartar shouted loudly, ordering

him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order and our request. At length, we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which, we found, was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff, was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air; our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, which is 156 feet, in safety, and in less than three minutes.

"The buildings are spread irregularly over the whole summit of the rock, inclosing two or three small areas: they have no splendour, either external or internal, and exhibit only

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the appearances of wretchedness and decay. There were only five monks, with a few attendants, resident in the monastery when we visited it; all of them miserable in their exterior, and with conceptions as narrow and confined as the rocks on which they live. Even their insulated and almost inaccessible situation has not secured these poor people from plunder and outrage. The property belonging to the several monasteries is in the valleys below, and the inhabitants of a small village underneath their rocks, supply food to these aerial habitations. The Albanian soldiers have frequently plundered this village; and depending either on the mandate of their superiors, or on other less licensed means, occasionally compel an entrance into the monasteries themselves, the miserable proprietors of which have little security against such acts of outrage.

"These remarkable rocks appear to have been known to the ancients, under the name of Ithome; and they probably exhibited, even at the remotest period, something of their present extraordinary character; but within a comparatively recent period, they have undergone a considerable change in their size and form. They are composed entirely of conglomerate, comprising fragments of granite, gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, sienite, green stone, and quartz pebbles, most of these stones having the appearance of being water-worn. From their very nature, they are extremely liable to dilapidation and decay; yet it is difficult, (Dr. Holland remarks,) to conceive how they should have assumed their present abrupt and precipitous forms, otherwise than from the agency of earthquakes, or some other convulsion of nature. They must, he thinks, have been somewhat less abrupt than they now are, at the time the monasteries were built, to admit of their being constructed. That of Meteora was founded in 1371, by John Palæologus, of the imperial family; that of Barlaam, by Nectarius of Ioannina, in 1536; that of Agia Triada in 1476.* It is certain, at all events, that the work of decomposition is going on. 'Many of the religious edifices on their summits have disappeared; others are rapidly sinking into decay; and some centuries hence, the monasteries of Meteora may exist but as a name and tradition of past times.'†

* One of these monasteries, in its original establishment by Maria, the sister of John Palæologus, was intended for the reception of women alone; but this female population gradually declined, and was replaced by the other sex, till the institution became one entirely of monks. In this convent, however, as well as in that of Alos Stephanos, some women are still retained as a part of the household; but the entrance of any female is rigidly forbidden by the regulations of Meteora, Barlaam, and others of these establishments."

† Holland's Travels, vol. ii. pp. 332—52.

The Public Journals.

NOTES FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, CL.
Halley's Comet.

We quote (from Mrs. Somerville's volume on the *Connexion of the Sciences*), the following concerning Halley's comet; the more especially as this remarkable visitor is expected to reappear next year.

"Halley computed the elements of the orbit of a comet that appeared in the year 1682, which agreed so nearly with those of the comets of 1607 and 1531, that he concluded it to be the same body returning to the sun, at intervals of about seventy-five years. He consequently predicted its re-appearance in the year 1758, or in the beginning of 1759. Science was not sufficiently advanced in the time of Halley to enable him to determine the perturbations this comet might experience; but Clairaut computed that it would be retarded in its motion a hundred days by the attraction of Saturn, and 518 by that of Jupiter, and consequently, that it would pass its perihelion about the middle of April, 1759, requiring 618 days more to arrive at that point than in its preceding revolution. This, however, he considered only to be an approximation, and that it might be thirty days more or less: the return of the comet on the 12th of March, 1759, proved the truth of the prediction. MM. Damoiseau and Pontecoulant have ascertained that this comet will return either on the 4th or 7th of November, 1835; the difference of three days in their computations arises from their having employed different values for the masses of the planets. This is the first comet whose periodicity has been established; it is also the first whose elements have been determined from observations made in Europe; for although the comets which appeared in the years 240, 539, 565, and 837, are the most ancient whose orbits have been traced, their elements were computed from Chinese observations."

Magnetic Battery.

After Mr. Faraday had proved the identity of the magnetic and electric fluids by producing the spark, heating metallic wires, and accomplishing chemical decomposition, it was easy to increase these effects by more powerful magnets and other arrangements. The following apparatus is now in use, which is in effect a battery, where the agent is the magnetic instead of the voltaic fluid, or, in other words, electricity.

A very powerful horse-shoe magnet, formed of twelve steel plates in close approximation, is placed in a horizontal position. An armature consisting of a bar of the purest soft iron has each of its ends bent at right angles, so that the faces of those ends may be brought directly opposite and close to the poles of the magnet when required. Two series of cop-

per wires—covered with silk, in order to insulate them—are wound round the bar of soft iron as compound helices. The extremities of these wires, having the same direction, are in metallic connexion with a circular disc, which dips into a cup of mercury, while the ends of the wires in the opposite direction are soldered to a projecting screw-piece, which carries a slip of copper with two opposite points. The steel magnet is stationary; but when the armature, together with its appendages, is made to rotate horizontally, the edge of the disc always remains immersed in the mercury, while the points of the copper slip alternately dip in it, and rise above it. By the ordinary laws of induction, the armature becomes a temporary magnet while its bent ends are opposite the poles of the steel magnet, and ceases to be magnetic when they are at right angles to them. It imparts its temporary magnetism to the helices which concentrate it; and while one set conveys a current to the disc, the other set conducts the opposite current to the copper slip. But as the edge of the revolving disc is always immersed in the mercury, one set of wires is constantly maintained in contact with it, and the circuit is only completed when a point of the copper slip dips in the mercury also; but the circuit is broken the moment that point rises above it. Thus, by the rotation of the armature, the circuit is alternately broken and renewed; and as it is only at these moments that electric action is manifested, a brilliant spark takes place every time the copper point touches the surface of the mercury. Platina wire is ignited, shocks smart enough to be disagreeable are given, and water is decomposed with astonishing rapidity, by the same means, which proves beyond a doubt the identity of the magnetic and electric agencies, and places Mr. Faraday, whose experiments established the principle, in the first rank of experimental philosophers.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

Manufacture of the Diamond.

The establishment of the identity of charcoal and diamond, led sanguine persons to anticipate the time when our home-manufactures should rival the produce of Golconda. In such speculations it is but reasonable to take into account the reflection with which Mrs. Somerville closes the following passage:—It had been observed that, when metallic solutions are subjected to galvanic action, a deposition of metal, generally in the form of minute crystals, takes place on the negative wire: by extending this principle, and employing a very feeble voltaic action, M. Becquerel has succeeded in forming crystals of a great proportion of the mineral substances precisely similar to those produced by nature. The electric state of metallic veins makes it possible that many natural crystals may have

taken their form from the action of electricity bringing their ultimate particles, when in solution, within the narrow sphere of molecular attraction already mentioned as the great agent in the formation of solids. Both light and motion favour crystallization. Crystals which form in different liquids are generally more abundant on the side of the jar exposed to the light; and it is a well-known fact that still water, cooled below thirty-two degrees, starts into crystals of ice the instant it is agitated. Light and motion are intimately connected with electricity, which may, therefore, have some influence on the laws of aggregation; this is the more likely, as a feeble action is alone necessary, provided it be continued for a sufficient time. Crystals formed rapidly are generally imperfect and soft, and M. Becquerel found that even years of constant voltaic action were necessary for the crystallization of some of the hard substances. If this law be general, how many ages may be required for the formation of a diamond?—*Mrs. Somerville.*

The Magnetic Pole.

The following is the history of the successive approximations to the place of the magnetic pole:—In the year 1819, Sir Edward Parry, in his voyage to discover the north-west passage round America, sailed near the magnetic pole; and in 1824, Captain Lyon, on an expedition for the same purpose, found that the magnetic pole was then situated in $63^{\circ} 26' 51''$ north latitude, and in $80^{\circ} 51' 25''$ west longitude. It appears, from later researches, that the law of terrestrial magnetism is of considerable complexity, and the existence of more than one magnetic pole in either hemisphere has been rendered highly probable; that there is one in Siberia seems to be decided by the recent observations of M. Hansteen,—it is in longitude 102° east of Greenwich, and a little to the north of the 60th degree of latitude; so that, by these data, the two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere are about 180° distant from each other: but Captain Ross, who is just returned from a voyage in the polar seas, has ascertained that the American magnetic pole is in $70^{\circ} 14'$ north latitude, and $96^{\circ} 40'$ west longitude. The magnetic equator does not exactly coincide with the terrestrial equator; it appears to be an irregular curve, inclined to the earth's equator at an angle of about 12° , and crossing it in at least three points in longitude $113^{\circ} 14'$ west, and $66^{\circ} 46'$ east of the meridian of Greenwich, and again somewhere between $156^{\circ} 30'$ of west longitude, and 116° east.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

We may add (says the Reviewer) that the place thus determined by Captain Ross, agrees with that collected from considerations, which we conceive to be more trustworthy than observations made at one place,

with so imperfect an instrument as a dipping needle is for such purposes. In Mr. Barlow's Memoir "On the present situation of the Magnetic Lines of Equal Variation," just published in the Philosophical Transactions, he says, "The pole itself"—(as determined by Captain Ross and his nephew)—"is precisely that point on my globe and chart, in which, by supposing all the lines to meet, the separate curves would best preserve their unity of character, both separately and as a system."

An English Yeoman.

[In that strange but clever book, *The Doctor*, published a few weeks since, is the following "exquisite sketch of the true old yeoman existence, or of 'the Doctor.'"]

Daniel the father, was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six-and-twenty acres which his fathers had possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther than register or title deeds could ascend.

The little church called Chapel le Dale stands about a bow shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook, whose waters proceed by a subterranean channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common, with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tomb-stones which had been placed there were now themselves half-buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices,

and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath-day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprang.

The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants.

You entered between two yew trees clipt to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. . . . The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts; and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives, which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not over-power. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver

saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely described by Landor;

"Of pearly hue

Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The three apartments above, served equally for store-rooms and bed-chambers. William Dove, the brother, slept in one, and Agatha, the maid, or Hagg, as she was called, in another."

New Books.

LEWIS'S JOURNAL OF A WEST INDIA PROPRIETOR IN JAMAICA.

[We continue our discursive extracts from this very amusing volume.]

Sir Charles Price's Rats.

A Sir Charles Price, who had an estate in this island infested by rats, imported, with much trouble, a very large and strong species for the purpose of extirpating the others. The new-comers answered his purpose to a miracle; they attacked the native rats with such spirit, that in a short time they had the whole property to themselves; but no sooner had they done their duty upon the rats, than they extended their exertions to the cats, of whom their strength and size at length enabled them completely to get the better; and since that last victory, Sir Charles

Price's rats, as they are called, have increased so prodigiously, that this single species is now a greater nuisance to the island than all the others before them were together.

Negro Artist.

This morning my picture was drawn by a self-taught genius, a negro Apelles, belonging to Dr. Pope, the minister; and the picture was exactly such as a self-taught genius might be expected to produce. It was a straight hard outline, without shade or perspective; the hair was a large black patch, and the face covered with an uniform layer of flesh-colour, with a red spot in the centre of each cheek. As to likeness, there was not even an attempt to take any. But still, such as they were, there were eyes, nose, and mouth, to be sure. A long red nose supplied the place of my own snub; an enormous pair of whiskers stretched themselves to the very corner of my mouth; and in place of three hairs and a half, the painter, in the superabundance of his generosity, bestowed upon me a pair of eyebrows more bushy than Dr. Johnson's, and which, being formed in an exact semicircle, made the eyes beneath them stare with an expression of the utmost astonishment. The negroes, however, are in the highest admiration of the painter's skill, and consider the portrait as a striking resemblance; for there is a very blue coat with very yellow buttons, and white gaiters and trousers, and an eye-glass so big and so blue, that it looks as if I had hung a pewter plate about my neck; and a bunch of watch-seals larger than those with which Pope has decorated Belinda's great great grandsire. John Fuller, (to whom, jointly with Nicholas, the charge of this inestimable treasure is to be entrusted,) could not find words to express his satisfaction at the performance. "Dere massa coat! and dere him chair him sit in! and dere massa seals, all just de very same ting! just all as one! And oh! ki! dere massa pye-glass!" In the midst of his raptures he dropped the picture, and fractured the frame-glass. His despair now equalled his former joy;—"Oh, now what for him do? Such a pity! Just to break it after it was all done so well! All so pretty!" However, we stuck the broken glass together with wafers, and he carried it off, assuring me, "that when massa gone he should talk to it every morning, all one as if massa still here." Indeed, this "talking to massa" is a favourite amusement among the negroes, and extremely inconvenient: they come to me perpetually with complaints so frivolous, and requests so unreasonable, that I am persuaded they invent them only to have an excuse for "talk to massa;" and when I have given them a plump refusal, they go away perfectly satisfied, and "tank massa for dis here great indulgence of talk."

Alligator Steaks.

I went to see a dead alligator this morning; but I was not contented with merely seeing him, so I begged to have a steak cut off for me, brought it home, and ordered it to be broiled for dinner. One of the negroes happened to see it in the kitchen; the news spread through the estate like wildfire; and I had immediately half-a-dozen different deputations, all hoping that massa would not think of eating the alligator, for it was poisonous. However, I was obstinate, and found the taste of the flesh, when broiled with pepper and salt, and assisted by an onion sauce, by no means to be despised; but the consistence of the meat was disagreeable, being as tough as a piece of eel-skin. Perhaps any body who wishes to eat alligator steaks in perfection, ought to keep them for two or three days before dressing them; or the animal's age might be in fault, for the fellow was so old that he had scarcely a tooth in his head; I therefore contented myself with two or three morsels; but a person who was dining with me ate a whole steak, and pronounced the dish to be a very good one. The eggs are said to be very palatable; nor have the negroes who live near morasses, the same objection with those of Cornwall to eating the flesh: it is, however, true that the gall of the alligator, if not extracted carefully, will render the whole animal unfit for food; and when this gall is reduced to powder, it forms a poison of the most dangerous nature, as the negroes know but too well.

Song of the King of the Eboes.

Oh me good friend, Mr. Wilberforce, make we free!
 God Almighty thank ye! God Almighty thank ye!
 God Almighty make we free!
 Buckra in this country no make we free:
 What Negro for to do? What Negro for to do?
 Take force by force! Take force by force!

CHORUS.

To be sure! to be sure! to be sure!

Mr. Lewis's Estate.

The negroes certainly are perverse beings. They had been praying for a sight of their master year after year; they were in raptures at my arrival; I have suffered no one to be punished, and shown them every possible indulgence during my residence amongst them; and one and all they declare themselves perfectly happy and well treated. Yet, previous to my arrival, they made thirty-three hogsheads a week; in a fortnight after my landing, their product dwindled to twenty-three; during this last week they have managed to make but thirteen. Still they are not ungrateful; they are only selfish: they love me very well, but they love themselves a great deal better; and, to do them justice, I verily believe that every negro on the estate is extremely anxious that all should do their full duty, except himself. My censure, al-

though accompanied with the certainty of their not being punished, is by no means a matter of indifference. If I express myself to be displeased, the whole property is in an uproar; every body is finding fault with every body; nobody that does not represent the shame of neglecting my work, and the ingratitude of vexing me by their ill-conduct; and then each individual—having said so much and said it so strongly, that he is convinced of its having its full effect in making the others do their duty—thinks himself quite safe and snug in skulking away from his own.

I have been positively assured, that an attempt was made to persuade the grand jury at Montego Bay, to present me for over-indulgence to my own negroes! It is a great pity that so reasonable an attempt should not have succeeded.

Yarra.

Poor Yarra comes to bid farewell,

But Yarra's lips can never say it!

Her swimming eyes, her bosom's swell,

The debt she owes you, these must pay it.

She ne'er can speak, though tears can start,

Her grief that fate so soon removes you;

But One there is, who reads the heart,

And well he knows how Yarra loves you!

See, massa, see this sable boy!

When chill disease had nipp'd his flower,

You came and spoke the word of joy.

And poured the juice of healing power.

To visit far Jamaica's shore

Had no kind angel deign'd to move you,

These laughing eyes had laugh'd no more,

Nor Yarra lived to thank and love you.

Then grieve not, massa, that to view

Our isle you left your British pleasures:

One tear which falls in grateful dew,

Is worth the best of Britain's treasures:

And sure the thought will bring relief,

Whate'er your fate, wherever rove you,

Your wealth's not given by pain and grief,

But hands that know, and hearts that love you.

May He, who bade you cross the wave,

Through care for Afric's sons and daughters;

When round your bark the billows rave,

In safety guide you through the waters!

By all you love with smiles be met;

Through life each good man's tongue approve you;

And though far distant, don't forget,

While Yarra lives, she'll live to love you!

A Nancy Story.

Two sisters had always lived together on the best terms; but, on the death of one of them, the other treated very harshly a little niece, who had been left to her care, and made her a common drudge to herself and her daughter. One day the child having broken a water-jug, was turned out of the house, and ordered not to return till she could bring back as good a one. As she was going along, weeping, she came to a large cotton-tree, under which was sitting an old woman without a head. I suppose this unexpected sight made her gaze rather too earnestly, for the old woman immediately inquired—"Well, my piccaninny, what you see?" "Oh, mammy," answered the girl, "me no see

nothing." "Good child!" said again the old woman; "and good will come to you." Not far distant was a cocoa-tree; and here was another old woman, without any more head than the former one. The same question was asked her, and she failed not to give the same answer which had already met with so good a reception. Still she travelled forwards, and began to feel faint through want of food, when, under a mahogany tree, she not only saw a third old woman, but one who, to her great satisfaction, had got a head between her shoulders. She stopped, and made her best courtesy—"How day, grannie!" "How day, my piccanny: what matter, you no look well?" "Grannie, me lilly hungry." "My piccanny, you see that hut, there's rice in the pot, take it, and yam-yamme; but if you see one black puss, mind you give him share." The child hastened to profit by the permission; the "one black puss" failed not to make its appearance, and was served first to its portion of rice, after which it departed; and the child had but just finished her meal, when the mistress of the hut entered, and told her that she might help herself to three eggs out of the fowl-house, but that she must not take any of the *talking* ones: perhaps, too, she might find the black puss there, also; but if she did, she was to take no notice of her. Unluckily all the eggs seemed to be as fond of talking as if they had been so many old maids; and the moment that the child entered the fowl-house, there was a cry of "Take me! take me!" from all quarters. However, she was punctual in her obedience; and although the conversable eggs were remarkably fine and large, she searched about till at length she had collected three little dirty-looking eggs, that had not a word to say for themselves. The old woman now dismissed her guest, bidding her to return home without fear; but not to forget to break one of the eggs under each of the three trees near which she had seen an old woman that morning. The first egg produced a water-jug exactly similar to that which she had broken; out of the second came a whole large sugar estate; and out of the third a splendid equipage, in which she returned to her aunt, delivered up the jug, related that an old woman in a red docker (*i. e.* petticoat) had made her a great lady, and then departed in triumph to her sugar estate. Stung by envy, the aunt lost no time in sending her own daughter to search for the same good fortune which had befallen her cousin. She found the cotton-tree and the headless old woman, and had the same question addressed to her; but instead of returning the same answer—"What me see?" said she; "me see one old woman without him head!" Now this reply was doubly offensive; it was rude, because it reminded the old lady of what might cer-

tainly be considered as a personal defect; and it was dangerous, as, if such a circumstance were to come to the ears of the buck-ras, it might bring her into trouble, women being seldom known to walk and talk without their heads, indeed, if ever, except by the assistance of Obeah. "Bad child!" cried the old woman; "bad child! and bad will come to you!" Matters were no better managed near the cocoa-tree; and even when she reached the mahogany, although she saw that the old woman had not only got her head on, but had a red docker besides, she could not prevail on herself to say more than a short "How day?" without calling her "grannie." (Among negroes it is almost tantamount to an affront to address by the name, without affixing some term of relationship, such as "grannie," or "uncle," or "cousin.") My Cornwall boy, George, told me one day, that "Uncle Sully wanted to speak to massa." "Why, is Sully your uncle, George?" "No, massa; me only call him so for honour." However, she received the permission to eat rice at the cottage, coupled with the injunction of giving a share to the black puss; an injunction, however, which she totally disregarded, although she scrupled not to assure her hostess that she had suffered puss to eat till she could eat no more. The old lady in the red petticoat seemed to swallow the lie very glibly, and despatched the girl to the fowl-house for three eggs, as she had before done her cousin; but having been cautioned against taking the talking eggs, she conceived that these must needs be the most valuable; and, therefore, made a point of selecting those three which seemed to be the greatest gossipers of the whole poultry yard. Then, lest their chattering should betray her disobedience, she thought it best not to return into the hut, and, accordingly set forward on her return home; but she had not yet reached the mahogany tree, when curiosity induced her to break one of the eggs. To her infinite disappointment it proved to be empty; and she soon found cause to wish that the second had been empty too; for, on her dashing it against the ground, out came an enormous yellow snake, which flew at her with dreadful hissings. Away ran the girl; a fallen bamboo lay in her path; she stumbled over it, and fell. In her fall the third egg was broken; and the old woman without the head immediately popping out of it, told her, that if she had treated her as civilly, and had adhered as closely to the truth as her cousin had done, she would have obtained the same good fortune; but that as she had shown her nothing but rudeness, and told her nothing but lies, she must be contented to carry nothing home but the empty egg-shells. The old woman then jumped upon the yellow snake, galloped away with incredible speed,

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and never showed her red dockers in that part of the island any more.*

Negro Thieves.

Two or three years ago, our captain, while his vessel was lying in Black River Bay, for the purpose of loading, was informed by his sailors, that their beef and other provisions frequently disappeared in a very unaccountable manner. However, by setting a strict watch during the night, he soon managed to clear up the mystery: and a negro, who had made his escape from the workhouse, and concealed himself on board among the bags of cotton, was found to be the thief. He was sent back to the workhouse, of which the chain was still about his neck. But another negro had better luck in a similar attempt on board of a different vessel. He contrived to secrete himself in the lower part of it, where the sugar hogsheads are stored, unknown to any one. As soon as the cargo was completed, the planks above it were caulked down, and raised no more till their ship reached Liverpool; when, to the universal astonishment, upon opening the hold, out walked Mungo, in a wretched condition to be sure, but still at least alive, and a freeman in Great Britain. During his painful voyage, he had subsisted entirely upon sugar, of which he had consumed nearly an hogshead; how he managed for water I could not learn, nor can imagine.

* There is some resemblance in the incidents and moral of this story to our Cinderella.—*Ed. M.*

The Naturalist.

MARCH.—BY GILBERT WHITE.

Nothing can be more changeable than this month, some say its characteristic is fickleness: it storms, it smiles, it snows, it hails, it shines, it rains, all in a day. Yet if it has any prevailing and predominate feature that may uniformly distinguish this various period, it is that of the harsh north-east winds, which always prevail sooner or later in some part or other.

The Saxons called this the lengthening month, because about the vernal equinox, for reasons of which they were not aware, the days increase in a very rapid manner. This month is distinguished for producing the first summer bird of passage, the small uncrested wren, which though so minute, exerts his two sharp notes with such earnestness as to make the woods echo; and is usually heard about the 20th day.

Around pools and mill ponds some few swallows are usually seen before the month closes. The various tribes of flies awake and come forth; the yellow butterfly in particular amuses the naturalist; while warmed by the prevailing sun, the reptiles forsake their winter retreats. The same increasing warmth that calls our summer tribes into life, warns

the winter birds to retire. The woodcocks which usually visit us in a spring flight, now pair and withdraw. The fieldfares cluster on trees, and essay to sing before they take their departure; while our home-bred flocking birds, the larks, the chaffinches, the yellow hammer, and the linnets, begin to separate and dissolve their winter associations. Towards the end of this month, the orchards and meadows glow with the golden blossoms of the *Ficaria verna*, the pilewort or less celandine; the whole face of the ground seems to be covered with this plant, yet in a few weeks it is gone, leaves and all, to make way for succeeding tribes; so that no vestiges remain. In England, a dry March is justly esteemed kindly for wheat, and a peck of March dust (according to the proverb) is inestimable.

As the month advances, the sun mounts very high, and has much influence. Yet the piercing winds still prevail, so that it is often summer on one side of the hedge, and winter on the other. Of these contraries the invalid complains, and the countryman repines that the springing of his grass and corn is retarded. Yet from these extremes, reconciled and moderated by the hand of Providence, much good results. Thus sings the poet of nature, whose philosophic reflections and moral remarks are only to be equalled by his own matchless descriptions:

"Be patient, swains, these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in rain; for hence they keep repressed
Those deepening clouds on clouds surcharged with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless rain would quench the summer blaze,
And cheerless drown the crude, unripen'd year."

Jesse's Gleanings.

A FOX AT DEPTFORD.

A CORRESPONDENT to *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History* writes: that a fox once established an "at home," within four miles of London Bridge. "My garden," continues he, "is one that is rather remarkable for having its own way. Some years ago, I took a great deal of pains to introduce into it all kinds of wild flowers, shrubs, and trees, and these have grown uninterruptedly and formed large masses of underwood, which, being principally composed of bramble and dog-rose, have established a seat of empire not easily to be shaken. What is termed, vulgarly, a tide-ditch, elegantly, a canal, which the river Thames fills at high water, surrounds more than two thirds of the garden. In this spot a fox established his abode, and made himself very happy for more than six weeks. The neighbours lost their fowls, ducks, pigeons, and rabbits. Many a long face have I seen pulled about their losses; many a complaint of the "howdaciousness" of the rats, the cats, the thieves, and the new police; in all which I took very great and sympathizing

interest. In the mean time, I used to sit in my summer house of an evening, and watch master Reynard come out of his retreat; and a great amusement it was to me. He would come slowly trotting along, to a round gravelled place, where four paths met; then he would raise himself on the sitting part, look about, and listen, to ascertain that all was safe, and, being satisfied of this, he would commence washing his face with the soft part of the leg, just above the pad. After this operation was well performed, he used to lie flat down on his belly and walk deliberately along with his fore legs, dragging the rest of his person along the gravel, as though it were quite dead, or, at least, deprived of motion; then he would run round and round after his brush; which I could see he sometimes bit pretty severely, and on such occasions he would turn serious all at once, and whisk his brush about in a very angry manner. Poor fellow! a neighbour happened to see him cross the ditch by moonlight into my garden with an old hen in his mouth. The outcry was raised; a search was demanded. Next day there came guns, dogs, pitchforks, and neighbours; the upshot of all which was, that poor Reynard's brush is dangling in my little wainscotted room between an Annibal Caracci and a Batista.

Domestic Hints.

MAKING COFFEE.

In making coffee, much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the berry; and, moreover, it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with moist or raw sugar. Many persons imagine that the *moist sugar* tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that half the quantity, in weight of *refined sugar*, will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be *too refined*, and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful, white, refined sugar with their coffee; while, on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquiesce in this departure from our custom, and when economy is blended with such judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts combining what is cheap and what is best.

C. T.

The first mention of coffee in the west of Europe is by Ramsolf, a German traveller, who returned from Syria in 1573. It was first brought into England by Mr. Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan, who made it his common beverage, at Baliol College, Oxford, in 1641.

Coffee trees were conveyed from Mocha to Holland in 1616, and carried to the West Indies in the year 1726; first cultivated at Surinam by the Dutch, 1718; its culture encouraged in the plantations, 1732.

P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Proverbs.—Old proverbs are generally received and respected as old and undeniable truths, yet they are sometimes to be contradicted. "You cannot have more than a cat and her skin," says an ancient adage. "Yes you can," replied a musician, "you may have her gut for fiddle strings."

The Population of London—including those parts of it which are in Surrey and Kent, without taking in those parts which are in Essex, amounts at present to between 1,600,000 and 1,700,000 persons. Ten years ago, the population of the same districts amounted to little more than 1,300,000 persons, showing an increase in that period of no less than 300,000. Including Essex, the number of persons is considerably above 1,700,000; a population equal to that of many nations, but concentrated within the narrow limits of a few miles—a density of population exceeding that of which there is any record.—*The Lord Chancellor, in Parliament.*

Calves-heads in the Temple.—*Calves-head roll* is a roll in the two Temples, in which every bench is taxed yearly at 2s., every barrister at 1s. 6d., and every gentleman under the bar at 1s. to the cook, and other officers of the house, in consideration of a dinner of calves-heads, provided in Easter-term.

P. T. W.

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